Keep. And hang for't afterward.
Pal. By this good light
Had I a ſword I would kill thee.
Keep, Why my Lord?
Pal. Thou bringſt ſuch pelting ſcuruy news continually
Thou art not worthy life; I will not goe.
Keep. Indeede yon muſt my Lord.
Pal. May I ſee the garden?
Keep. Noe.
Pal. Then I am reſolud, I will not goe. (rous
Keep. I muſt conſtraine you then; and for you are dange-
Ile clap more yrons on you.
Pal. Doe good keeper.
Ile ſhake 'em ſo, ye ſhall not ſleepe,
Ile make ye a new Morriſſe, muſt I goe?
Keep. There is no remedy.
Pal. Farewell kinde window.
May rude winde never hurt thee. O my Lady
If ever thou haſt felt what ſorrow was,
Dreame how I ſuffer. Come; now bury me.
Exeunt Palamon, and Keeper.

Scæna 3. *Enter Arcite.*

Arcite. Baniſhd the kingdome? tis a benefit,
A mercy I muſt thanke 'em for, but baniſhd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh twas a ſtuddied puniſhment, a death
Beyond Imagination: Such a vengeance
That were I old and wicked, all my ſins
Could never plucke upon me. *Palamon*;
Thou ha'ſt the Start now, thou ſhalt ſtay and ſee
Her bright eyes breake each morning gainſt thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou ſhalt feede
Vpon the ſweetenes of a noble beauty,
That nature nev'r exceeded, nor nev'r ſhall:
Good gods! what happines has *Palamon*?
Twenty to one, hee'le come to ſpeake to her,
And if ſhe be as gentle, as ſhe's faire,

I know ſhe's his, he has a Tong
Tempeſts, and make the wild
The worſt is death; I will not
I know mine owne, is but a h
And no redreſſe there, if I goe,
I am reſolu'd an other ſhape
Or end my fortunes. Either
Ile ſee her, and be neere her, or

Enter 4. Country people, & o

1, My Maſters, ile be there
2. And Ile be there.
3. And *I*.
4. Why then have with ye
Let the plough play to day, ile
Of the lades tailes to morrow.
1. I am ſure
To have my wife as jealous as
But that's all one, ile goe throu
2. Clap her aboard to morro
And all's made up againe.
3. I, doe but put a feskue in
Take a new leſſon out, and be
Doe we all hold, againſt the
4. Hold? what ſhould aile
5. *Arcas* will be there.
2. And *Sennois*.
And *Rycas*, and 3. better lads
And yet know what wenches
But will the dainty Domine,
Doe you thinke: for he do's
3. Hee'l eate a hornebooke
ter's too farre driven between
ter, to let ſlip now, and ſhe m
daunce too.
4. Shall we be luſty.
2. All the Boyes in Athens

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